
T H E
C R I S I S.

NUMBER XVIII. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1775. [Price Two-pence Half-penny.]

Casca's Epistle to LORD NORTH

—*ita digerit omnia Cælebas.*

VIR.

If sad BRITANNIA wails, in deep Distress,
Her Taxes greater and her Freedom less:
She owes these Grievances to *Bute's* vile Tribe,
North's Dissolution, and a *Treas'ry* Bribe.

TO you my Lord, these honest Lines I send;
To you the Sov'reign's not the People's Friend.
The Sov'reign's Friend? yes, when I think again,
A Friend like *Wolsey* in a *Harry's* reign.
Harry, who gave his Royal Lusts full scope;
Commenc'd a Devil and renounc'd the Pope.
In *Bute* and *North* two Devils make us groan,
And at *Quebec* the Pope resumes his Throne.
Harry's despotic Frowns o'er cast us now;
Fate hangs on *Bute's* proud Will and *George's* Brow.
Below, *North* represents absconding *Bute*,
Above, a * Nation dyes by *Roy le veut*. †
Proud of *North's* Name Corruption wears no Veil;
At *North's* soft Bribe, no Senator turns Pale.
Shrew'd *Walpole* never went your Lordship's length;
But Boldness with supplies has gather'd strength.
Safe from Impeachments in this venal Time,
Each *Parricide* may triumph in his Crime.
Knaves in your Lordship's Numbers put their hope;
Lords fear no AX, and Commoners no ROPE,
Virtue's fair Dawn you've clouded with a Sum;
And check'd her Test for Seven Years to come.
ASSOCIATION is a dreadful Sound;
And *Bute* must dye if Virtue is not bound.
Shou'd Tests ensue; Impeachments wou'd take place,
And old *St. Stephen* wear an Honest Face.
What must be done?—"dissolve, crys *Bute* in Fits:
"*Dissolve*—and stab your Contry with new Writs."
He spoke: and *North* obedient to his Voice,
With Gold prepar'd his Boroughs for their Choice.
Appriz'd his Members of the dex'trous Cheat,
And plac'd Corruption in her former Seat.

* America. † Those Words are pronounced by the Clerk of the Parliament when the King passes the Bills.

Crouching she licks the Hand by which she's fed,
 And Joys to see Sir *Fletcher* at her Head;
 To see *North* ape *Bute*'s dictatorial Nod,
 For *George* deserts his Country and his GOD.
 To see her Sons alert when *North* Commands,
 And at his beck lift up *Four Hundred Hands*.
 But whence this mighty influence? whence this Pow'r?
 All Virtue's delug'd in a golden Show'r.
 A *Treas'ry Storm* what Virtue can resist?
 Ev'n *George* to drown her, dips his *Civil List*.
 With Thirst hydropic all *North's* Patriots drink,
 And *half a Million* scarce will make 'em sink.
 From craving more no Decency restrains,
 At once they Poison and exhaust our Veins.
 Let those, who feel the *Civil List* decrease,
 Call on *Mountstewart* to restore his *Fleece*.
Father and *Son* are equally a Curse:
 One dupes the *Sov'reign*, and one drains the *Purse*.
 In Baubles and douceurs what Treasures fly?
 How are the People *plunder'd* to supply!
 Elegance lavish'd on a SCOT is vain,
 A Hovel might content an *Embryo Thane*.
 His Ancestors (this Truth is Wormwood now,)
 Whose Hut contain'd their Wife, their Bairns, and Cow,
 Thought e'er their Union taught their Pride to feel,
A Pounce in Siller was a muckle deale.
 But since *Scots* felt the Blessings of that Law,
 Which laid their *Thanes* on *Down* instead of *Straw*,
 Bless'd them with Commerce, Arts, and all their Fruits,
 And bade them herd no longer with their Brutes;
 By Culture humaniz'd their Savage mind,
 And plac'd them on a footing with Mankind;
 Their *haughty Sons* who else had fed on Grass,
 Or filch'd for hunger, Thistles from their As,
 Shiv'ring on Mountains desolate and cold,
 Strangers alike to luxury and Gold,
 Forgetting, like their Sires, *Want's* bitter Sting,
 Disdain the *Palace of an *English King*;
 Demand superb additions, vast expence,
 To fit it for a Lordlings Residence.
 O! Shame! where art thou fled!—ye Britons, rise!
 Is it for *Bute's* proud Race you grant Supplies?
 With just Resentment bid *Mountstewart* fly,
 And teed his Pride beneath his *Father's* Sky;
 There pinch on Rocks where barren Nature sleeps;
 Yes—scourge him back to his *paternal* †*Nieps*.
Weak Sov'reigns, thus their artful *Minions* bless;
 Ask what they dare their constant answer's YES.
 When injur'd Subjects with Petitions go,
 The *Sov'reign*, *low'ring*, looks an haughty NO.

* Alluding to Kensington Palace lately ordered to be fitted up (in great Part) for the Reception of Lord MOUNTSTEWART, (Lord Bute's Son) and his Family—at a great Expence, out of the *Civil List* Money.

† Turnips are so called in Scotland. Before the Union they were the Wall Fruit of that Country.

Yet if his Kingship wants a fresh Supply,
 Below—aye, aye,—above, Contents the cry.
 Petitioners with Rebels are involv'd ;
 Let *Bute* but hint—the Parliaments dissolv'd.
 This influence † BECKFORD labour'd to resist ?
 Corruption, was maintain'd, and H E dismiss'd.
 Cities Petition, yet their Plague endures ;
 But *Virtue's* rage ‡ *quick Dissolution* cures.
 Say (for you know, my Lord,) the Cause of this,
 You know who *Counsels* and who *Acts* amiss.
 Disguise no Truth by Specious, trite harangue ;
 But say, at once your Parliament's a *Gang*.
 If Truth's a Crime, and *George's* frown you dread,
 Say in a Whisper who is at their Head ?
 That Question's home—your Lordship's silent still—
 I'll answer it myself then—frown who will.

In ancient Days when simple Monarchs saw
 No better means by reigning than by law,
 When sages counsell'd with an honest Heart,
 And Kings religiously perform'd their part ;
 E'er *standing Armies* were a standing Curse,
 Subjects were Children, and their King a Nurse ;
 No Suitor *unredress'd* then left the Throne ;
 The *Nurse's* Interest and the *Child's* were one.
 The *three Estates* then us'd to coalesce,
 With no Intention but to save and bless.
 Now Kings, Lords and Commons, faithfully agree,
 Like a Banditti, in Confed'racy.
 Combin'd to plunge a Nation in distress,
 To double Grievances without redress.
 In vain to GEORGE the suppliant Knee is bent ;
 He enjoins silence, suffering, and content || .
 With sullen gloom he arm's his sulky brow,
 And tell us Slav'ry is our CHARTER now.
 ASTONSH'D at his City's daring cries,
 He tells'em Kings and Parliaments are wise.
 Tells'em their *Constitution* is controul ;
 That of all *Trades Oppression* is the Soul ;
 That their Protection hangs on Royal breath ;
 To Day 'tis slav'ry and to Morrow Death.
 That all are REBELS, but that *Passive Tribe*,
 Who kifs his *Chains*, his *Footstool* and his *Bribe*.
 That ev'ry Subject's *Trayterous* in his View,
 Who dares *petition, meet, consult* or *sue*.
 These Sentiments are *Bute's* by *Mansfield* penn'd ;
Mansfield who tells us *he is Virtues Friend*.*
 This Doctrine good my Lord, full scope affords,
 To your *vile Commons* and your *supple Lords*.

† Late Lord Mayor of London, who petitioned twice against Ministerial Tyranny and Corruption and was repulsed. ‡ Alluding to the sudden dissolution of the last Parliament to avoid the Test and Association which were intended, but prevented by this surprize.

|| See the Royal Answer to the City's Petition.

* See the Motto on Lord Mansfield's State Coach.

Since ev'ry *Act* brings forth some Grievance *new*,
 Enlarge the narrow bounds of *Treason* too.
 Like *Mary's Minion* in her *Tyrant* Reign,
 Enlarge *Old Edwards* † *Act* amend, explain,
 Shew *Edward's* Sages they mistook the Case;
 Declare new *Treasons*—'tis an *Act of Grace*.
 Declare it *Treason* but to *wish Success* ‡
 To *Freedom's Arms*, or *supplicate redress*;
 Work your *new Doctor's* Insult into Fact;
 'Tis *Johnson's* Thought, so call it *Johnson's Act*.
 Go farther still, and stop the *teeming Press*;
 If *wishing's* *Treason*, *writing* is no less.
 Safe in your *Votes*, *Corruption* now invites:
 'This is your Time—Lop off the Hand that *writes*.
 By *Libels* full of *Truth*, your *Mansfield* bleeds,
 And *Bute* still dreads *Impeachment's* swelling Seeds.
 Preserve your Sov'reign in *Tyrannic Health*;
 Nor let him read the *CRISIS* but by *Stealth*.
 No Quarter to that *whiggish* *CRISIS* give;
 But let the *Tory Patriot's* || *Falseness* live.
 Let *Johnson's* *Sheets* attract the *Monarch's* Eye;
 'Here he may see how *Knaves well Paid can lye*.
 In *Johnson's* *Tenets* let him read *his own*;
 'That *Kings* are born to *laugh* whilst *subjects* *groan*;
 'That *POWER* is their's in *Supplication's* spite;
 Whatever *They* and *Heav'n* inflict, is *right*.
 When *Kings* for *wanton Slaughter* give the Word,
Subjects are bound to fall upon their Sword.
 When *Kings* by *Famine* choose their *Slaves* shou'd dye;
 Those *Slaves* must drop without an asking Eye.
 So much for *Life*—to claim *our own* is vain:
 Like *Montesquieu* they § *fancy* who *complain*.
 What has a *Slave*? nor *Fire*, nor *Cloaths*, nor *Meat*;
 Not for *themselves* they're warm'd, or cloath'd, or eat;
 But to defend their *Master* in his *Pride*;
 Their Sov'reign; who may *Tax* their very *Hide*.
 Flay of their *Skin* in *Wantonness* and *Sport*,
 Or send an *Order* for their *Heads* from *Court*.
 Shou'd *Freedom's* odious *Form* presume to rise,
North makes a *Motion*, and the *Phantom* flies.
Mansfield and *Bute* the * *murd'rous Bill* invent,
North brings it in—'tis pass'd—and gains *Assent*.
 No *Tax*, no *Pain*, no *Penalty's* too much;
 All are *thrice hallow'd* by the *Scepter's* touch.
 Thus by no *Tyranny* the *Slave's* oppress'd;
 'The *Means* are *sacred*, and the *End* is *blest*'d.

† The *Act of Treason*.

‡ Dr. Johnson has the Impudence to declare this expressly, in his late Infamous Pamphlet, "Taxation no Tyranny."

|| Doctor Johnson's Paper.

§ Doctor Johnson has the Assurance to call the great Montesquieu a fanciful Writer, see his *Taxation on Tyranny*.

* Alluding to the Bill of *Famine*, against *America*, for prohibiting the *Fishery*.

He's the best Subject who most *prostrate* lyes,
He's the *true Patriot* who submits and dyes.
Thus *Johnson* Writes:—at *Court* his Works have praise;
No *Resolution-Whims* in *George's* Days!
Thus *frantic Savages* present their Breast,
To pointed *Lightnings*, with false *Zeal* possess'd;
Behold th' *Enthusiasts* all *Jove's* rage invoke;
And he's the Happiest who receives the *Stroke*.
O mighty *King*! wise *Council*! righteous *Throne*!
Where *Freedom*, *Property*, nor *Life's* our own.
Britons, adore *this Sun*, that gilds your Days;
Surround *St. James's* with new Songs of Praise.
Let *WILKES* no more, like *BECKFORD's GHOST*, arise,
And with *PETITIONS* fear his Sov'reign's Eyes,
For *wrong'd America* let Pity cease,
Let all her Sons be *massacr'd* in Peace.
Those Minds, says *GEORGE*, which *Sympathy* can stir,
In blackest *Treason* with his *Foes* concurr.
Those are his *Foes*; *BUTE's*, *NORTH's*, and *MANSFIELD's* too,
Who of their *Actions* take too near a View.
Demand the Cause why *Sword* or *Famine* drinks
Bostonian-blood?—Crys *Johnson*, *Boston* thinks;
Thinks as her cursed *Ancestors* were us'd,
By whom our *MARTYR CHARLES* was so abus'd.
O glorious *Martyrdom*! henceforth appear
The joyous Feast of ev'ry future Year.
Blest be those *Shades*! who taught our *Kings* to dread
No Loss of *Honour* like a Loss of *Head*!
'Tis that alone, my Lord, that can restrain
Kings and their *Minions* in a *Tyrant-Reign*.
The Good or Ill their *Ministers* may do,
Arises always from the Point in view.
Their darling Aim gives Life to their Designs;
Now *vacates Patents*, and now *watches Mines*.
To Day, supplants a *BENTINCK* in his Right,
And backs mean *LOWTHER* in a legal Fight;
The Board of Customs by Direction meet
To morrow, and pronounce *SIR JAMES* a Cheat.
For why? of late *SIR JAMES* too restive draws;
To scourge him *NORTH* pretends a *PUBLIC CAUSE*.
Now for *SIR JAMES*, in *PATENTS* * picking Holes,
And now against him for his *Frauds* in *Coals*.
Thus we discern the *Justice* of the State;
That *Kings* and *Ministers* breathe *Life* or *Fate*;
PETITIONS as rebellious are withstood;
Whilst *Spleen* is gratify'd for *Public good*.
Beware the Goal, my Lord, nor drive too high;
Kings dare be *Tyrants*, but they durst not dye.
'Tis a nice Conduct that can steer between
King's Lusts, *Mens Rights*, and *Ills* that intervene.

* The infamous proceedings of the Crown, against the Duke of Portland, to gratify Sir James Lowther some little Time ago, is well known. All the Crown Patentee's were alarmed at it, and to secure themselves against their Masters faithful usurpations for the future, the Nullum Tempus Bill was passed.

When godlike Kings (like ALFRED) give Assent
 To all that can relieve, assist, content;
 When Justice by the royal Touch gains force,
 And *Virtue* is supported in her Course;
 When *regal Power* is for a *Blessing* us'd,
 And *Mercy* like the Beams of Heav'n diffus'd;
 Then *Righteousness* and *Truth* surround the *Throne*;
 Then *Kings* are Ministers that *Heav'n* may own.
 By Day their presence gives all Hearts delight,
 And ev'ry Subject is their *guard by Night.
 But when inflate with Pride they Ape the God;
 Affect to damp Addresses with a Nod;
 Check and o'er bear the humble Suiter's Claim,
 And give to *Liberty*, vile *Treason's* Name;
 When in their Face and Words the Tyrant's reigns,
 And Free-born Subjects must receive their Chains;
 When you, my Lord, behold this daring Scene;
 With caution steer your little Bark between
 The *Sov'reign's* and the *Subject's* side;
 On a rough Sea behold each Vessel ride,
 This mann'd by *Freedom*, that by *Tyrant Pride*.
 Beware, my Lord; nor with a Bravo's boast,
 Trust your small Pennace from the safer Coast.
 Send Sandwich out, whose Tongue so vilely runs†
 And bid *Clay Harvey*, ‡ whip him to the Guns.
 See what the *Mansfield*, or the *Bute* can do,
 When *Freedom's Fleet* triumphant bears in view.
 Hark!—*England* tells you that she will be *Free*:
 Your servile Force turns pale; your Commons flee.
 Mark well the Conflict, Lord; lament the shock;
 If *England* conquers, you must kiss the BLOCK.
 See, like a Coward, how the MANSFIELD flies!
 At the first Fire, BUT E, and CORRUPTION, dies.
 Against a Nation's Rage what Force can stand?
 Your hirling Army's lessen'd to a Band.
 Your venal Commoners, your vaunting Lords,
 (How great a Change the fate of War affords!)
 Your IDOL too, an IDOL now no more,
 Kneel before those whose Suits they spurn'd before;
 Not now insulting in *despotic Strains*.
 But bound in wrong'd BRITANNIA's awful Chains.
 Then her stern Lion rousing from her Den,
 Shall treat pale *Tyrants* as they now treat *Men*.
 MINIONS and TRAYTORS, in the Wreck be hurl'd,
 And INJUR'D SUBJECTS see a better Word. C A S C A.

* Such a King has no Occasion for Sir John Fielding's Men about his Court.

† Alluding to that Lord's Scurrilous abuse of the *Americans*, in the House of Lords, calling them PALTROONS, &c. ‡ See a Letter in that Name to Lord Sandwich, in Owen's Weekly Journal.

No. XIX. will be addressed to the KING.